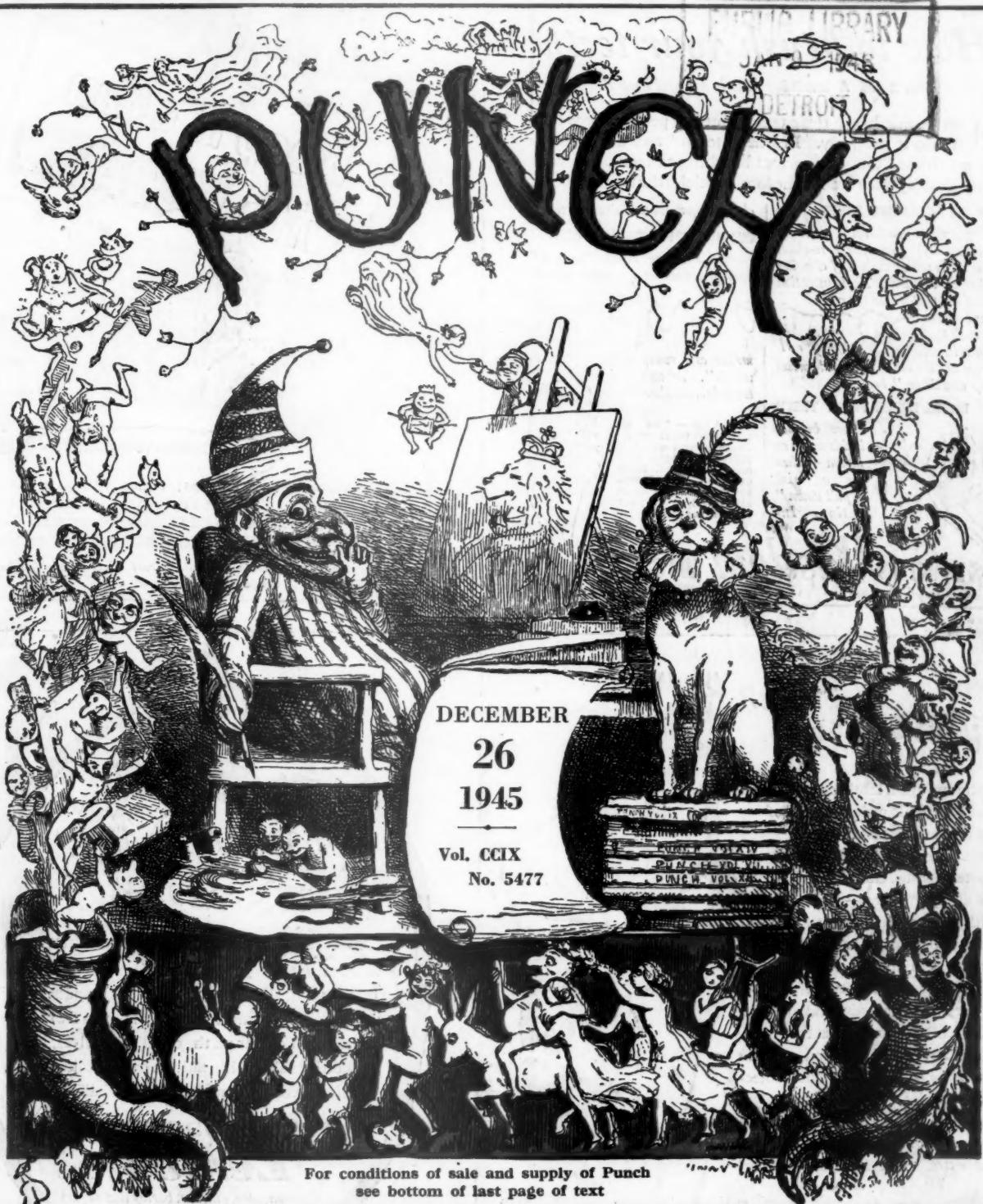


HUNTLEY & PALMERS - the first name
you think of in **BISCUITS**



Player's Please



How to brush your teeth

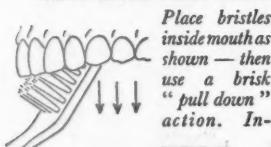
No. 2 OF A SERIES. Cut it out and keep it.

MOST people brush their teeth. But few people know how to do it properly. Brushing teeth "any old how" is not much use. Only by correct brushing can you keep your gums healthy and remove the food particles that cause decay.

NON SELF-CLEANING ZONES

Using your toothbrush wrongly (horizontally) you merely re-clean those areas which the act of chewing makes self-cleansing. The illustration shows you that it is in the crevices between the teeth that food collects. These are the areas that need correct "up and down" brushing.

INSIDE UPPER FRONT TEETH



Place bristles inside mouth as shown — then use a brisk "pull down" action. In-

clude the gums in each stroke. 6 times.

OUTSIDE UPPER FRONT TEETH



Never brush "across" your teeth. Place bristles against gum as shown. Twist the wrist and sweep bristles "downwards". Arrows show track bristles should take.

ALWAYS — Use an unwetted toothbrush. Clean your teeth last thing at night and after breakfast. Keep at least two toothbrushes — use them alternately. Visit your dentist regularly.

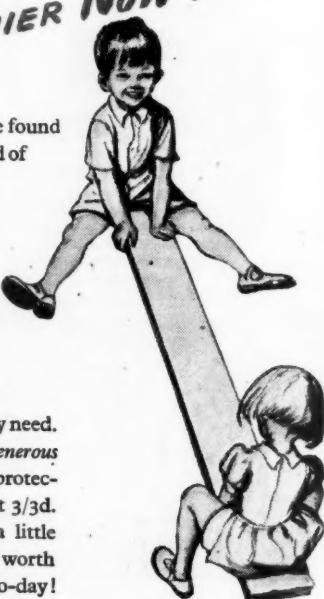


USE YOUR *Wisdom* EROD. WISELY

MADE BY ADDIS LTD., MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780

WHO'S HEAVIER NOW?

Time and again mothers have found that KEPLER makes a world of difference to a child's progress during the difficult winter months. Our winters are always "tricky"—what with the weather, and so many colds and illnesses about. Children need something extra if they are to keep really sturdy, and KEPLER is exactly what they need. KEPLER gives children generous quantities of the important protective vitamins (A and D). At 3/3d. and 5/9d., KEPLER costs a little more—but a child's health is worth the extra. Get KEPLER to-day!



See them through the winter with

KEPLER

COD LIVER OIL WITH MALT EXTRACT

Made from the purest cod liver oil and malt extract, one fluid ounce of KEPLER provides not less than 3,500 Int. Units of Vitamin A and 500 Int. Units of Vitamin D.

BURroughs Wellcome & Co. London.



KEEP IT UNDER YOUR BONNET!

Sticky valves and piston rings; undue wear on cylinder bore and bearings; choked up oilways. These are the effects of dirty oil. FRAM Oil Cleaner does far more than filter it. **FRAM KEEPS OIL CLEAN.** Ask your garage.

Simmonds Aerocessories Ltd., Great West Road, London.
A Company of the Simmonds Group



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HARRIS

famous for Bacon since 1770

For six years our food factories have been, and still are, almost entirely engaged in producing Bacon, Sausages and Canned Meats for the Ministry of Food and Armed Forces. The more plentiful days to come will bring back to you many Harris delicacies including—

HARRIS WILTSHIRE SAUSAGES

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ROUYER GUILLET BRANDY
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ROUYER GUILLET & CO LTD., LONDON
FOURTH RELEASE

Don't just say Brandy. say R.G.B.

ROUYER GUILLET BRANDY — OVER 140 YEARS' REPUTATION

Flavour

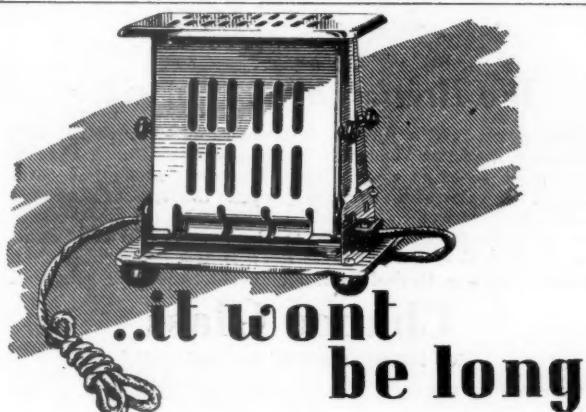
The quality of Burgess Sauces, Fish and Meat Pastes & Essence of Anchovies is the standard by which other similar high class foods are judged.

JOHN
BURGESS
A SON LTD.
ESTABLISHED 1760



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE
KING GEORGE V

Hythe Rd., Willesden Junction, N.W.10



we hope, before G.E.C. electric household appliances will once more be freely available. The range will include kettles, toasters, fires, irons, cleaners, and all the other necessities for economically running the modern home.

G.E.C.
QUALITY PRODUCTS
for the post-war home

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I'VE SAID GOODBYE TO
Sleeplessness



The nightly cup of Allenbournys Diet taken at bedtime induces that sound, refreshing sleep so vital to the recuperation of energy, especially with people of advancing years.

This delicious food-drink does not tax the most delicate digestion. Fresh, creamy milk and whole wheat, supply in an easily-assimilated form the vital nutriment for building up frayed nerves and depleted body-cells.

From all Chemists, 4/6 a tin.
(Temporarily in short supply.)

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DIET**

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys, Ltd.

Horrockses

the Greatest Name in Cotton
and Textile Fabrics

SHEETS • PILLOWCASES • TOWELS • FLANNELETTES • WINCETTES
DRESS GOODS • SHIRTINGS • FURNISHINGS • UTILITY FABRICS • ETC.

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON



December 26 1945



We British are often silly

Some years ago a British instrument maker invented and produced the finest binoculars in the world at £25. A German firm made an exact copy of these binoculars and priced them at £45. In spite of the difference in price the German binoculars sold almost as well as the British ones. Why are we so ready to admire the foreign and spurn the homespun? We don't know, but let there be no mistake about this: British lenses made from Chance Brothers Optical Glass are the best the world produces.

Chance Glass

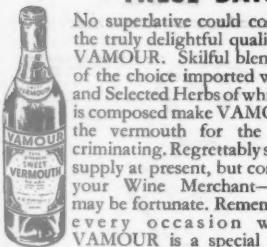
FOR SCIENCE, INDUSTRY AND THE HOME

CHANCE BROTHERS LIMITED GLASSMAKERS SINCE 1824 HEAD OFFICE & WORKS: SMETHWICK, BIRMINGHAM LONDON OFFICE: 10 PRINCES ST WESTMINSTER, S.W.1



A RARE TREAT THESE DAYS

No superlative could convey the truly delightful quality of VAMOUR. Skilful blending of the choice imported wines and Selected Herbs of which it is composed make VAMOUR the vermouth for the discriminating. Regrettably short supply at present, but contact your Wine Merchant—you may be fortunate. Remember, every occasion with VAMOUR is a special one.



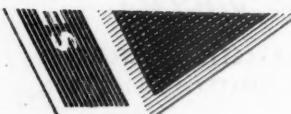
VAMOUR

THE True VERMOUTH

Produced by
VERMOUTIERS (London) LTD.
25-28, BUCKINGHAM GATE, LONDON, S.W.1

After duty —

15 MINUTES' PLEASURE AND
SATISFACTION WITH A
CHURCHMAN'S No. 1



CHURCHMAN'S No. 1 CIGARETTES, 10 for 1/3, 20 for 2/6
C.361b

CHAPLINS



CELESTA
FINO
SHERRY

Per 16/6 Bottle

Supplied to the public through the
Retail Trade ONLY.

CHAPLINS EST'D. 1867

Your Hair Brush rebristled

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSELL,
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,
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64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

Healthy dogs
make
good companions



BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit

December 26 1945

PUNCH or The London Charivari

SPA TREATMENT FOR RHEUMATISM

Spa treatment for Rheumatism has been recognised for many years as one of the most satisfactory methods of combating this insidious disease. Even a mild attack means pain and reduced working capacity, and you should act at once before Rheumatism gets a stranglehold on your system. To-day, a course of treatment at a Spa is out of the question for most people, as neither time nor money can be spared. 'Alkia' Saltrates, however, may be described as a Spa treatment in your own home. It has the essential medicinal properties of seven world-famous Spas and similar beneficial effects as a course of drinking the Spa waters. A teaspoonful of 'Alkia' Saltrates in warm water before breakfast each morning will soon relieve the pain, and, taken regularly, dissolves impurities in the blood stream and eliminates them from the system, thus helping to prevent regular attacks of Rheumatism. A bottle of 'Alkia' Saltrates costs 3/9d, including Purchase Tax. Get a bottle to-day from your chemist and begin your Spa treatment to-morrow morning.

'ALKIA' SALTRATES

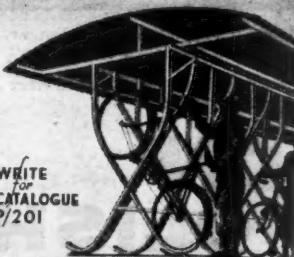
Get Rid of that

RASH

Smooth D.D.D. BALM over the sore patches and the incessant itch will be soothed instantly. D.D.D. BALM contains powerful antiseptic and healing ingredients that check infection and start immediate below-surface healing. From Chemists, 2/- a jar

D.D.D. BALM

The SOLUTION OF THE CYCLE STORAGE PROBLEM



WRITE FOR CATALOGUE P/201

CONSTRUCTORS
CYCLE PARKS
CONSTRUCTORS LIMITED
ERDINGTON BIRMINGHAM

There's a time and place for every spring

Few people look at a clock and think of the spring. Next time you look at a clock, think in 'STEAD'—for STEAD make not only clock springs, but springs of every type for many trades. Those who know SPRINGS know STEAD.

Think inSTEAD before you buy

Tele : Sheffield 22283 (4 lines).

J. STEAD & CO. LTD. SHEFFIELD 2

RATIN foreshadows the doom of RATS



The operators of the British Ratin Company know all about rats and their filthy and destructive habits. They believe that the only good rat is a dead rat. A belief that foreshadows the doom of rats wherever they may be found if the British Ratin operators are given the opportunity to get at them.

The surveyors and operators of the Rat Service are highly skilled. Their method of destruction of rats and mice is based on scientific and well-tested principles.

The service is nation-wide and includes provision for careful inspection and treatment at regulated intervals to guard against re-infestation where the menace has once been brought under control.

The Company's preparations are not supplied for use by the general public. Write at once and ask a surveyor to call and advise you.

RATIN SERVICE

THE BRITISH RATIN CO. LTD.
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Telephone : ABBey 7621

Main Branches at Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Guildford, Leeds, Letchworth, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle, Nottingham, Salisbury, Sheffield, and subsidiary branches throughout Great Britain.

MEDICAL EVANS SUPPLIES

Evans Sons Lescher & Webb Ltd

At an Extraordinary General Meeting of members of the Company, held on 30th day of November, 1945, it was resolved that the name of the Company be altered to :

EVANS MEDICAL SUPPLIES LTD

The business was founded in the City of London one hundred and twenty-five years ago. The Company manufactures biological, fine chemical and pharmaceutical products used in the prevention and treatment of human and animal diseases.

The directorate, management, policy and financial ownership of the Company remain unchanged by the alteration in name which has been adopted for brevity and descriptive convenience.

EVANS MEDICAL SUPPLIES LTD

Reg. Offices and Workshops

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London Offices and Workshops

50 BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, E.C.1

Laboratories, Works and Research Institute

LIVERPOOL and RUNCORN

Distribution Depots

BELFAST, BIRMINGHAM, BRISTOL,

LEEDS, LEICESTER, MANCHESTER,

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BRAZIL, EIRE, PALESTINE, SOUTH AFRICA

Representatives and Agents in all Countries

Let's SEE



a brighter future with

ROYAL
"EDISWAN"
LAMPS



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE QUEEN

THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO., LTD.,
155, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2.

The value of
Virol
in dietary deficiency

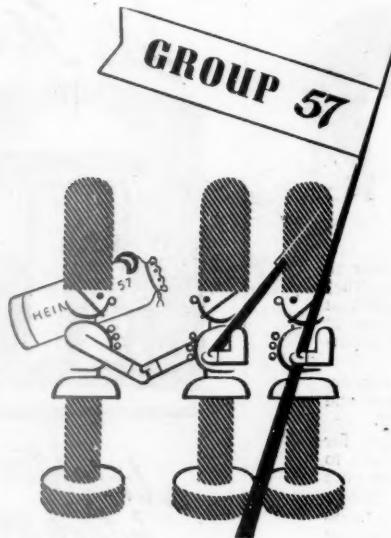
It is well known that without sufficient vitamins, a diet cannot be adequate.

Virol increases the supply of vitamins in the diet; but it does more than this. It provides in balanced proportions all the *other* essential food factors in which ordinary meals are likely to be lacking.

Virol is a concentrated food prepared from Malt Extract, specially refined animal fats, eggs, sugars, (including glucose) and orange juice, with added mineral salts, vitamins, etc.

Virol is suitable for children, for invalids and convalescents. It is pleasant to take and easy to digest.

VIROL COMPLETES THE DIET



is shortly to be released!

HEINZ
57 VARIETIES

Always ready to serve

*What a pleasure it is
to be courteously served—*

**That's what I like
about Simpson's!**



Town and Country Clothes
for Men and Women

SIMPSON (PICCADILLY) LTD • 202 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.I • REGENT 2002



"You'll miss your train, John, if you stand much longer looking at yourself in that 'Mansion' polished wardrobe."

"It's all right, Dear! I was only admiring this smart bow you gave me for my birthday present."

MANSION
ANTISEPTIC
WAX
POLISH
FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINO

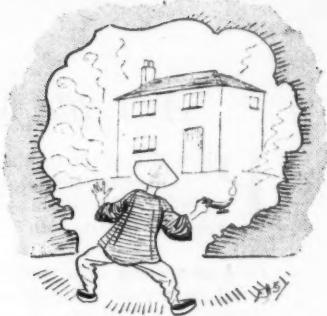
Use sparingly—still in short supply.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.



PUNCH

Or
The London Charivari



Vol. CCIX No. 5477

December 26 1945

Charivaria

"BOTTLES of ink in various colours make a cheap and attractive Christmas present," says a writer. Not at our wine merchant's.

A news item states that a fox raided a poultry farm near Plymouth and killed turkeys, geese and hens. Any drakes go west?



"Top price was £620 for a three-piece suit."—*Daily paper*. Two pairs of trousers?

A postman accused of throwing a couple of iron bars at a dog complained that it had taken a bite out of his leg. Once bitten, he reminded the court, twice shy.

A gossip writer mentions that he recently attended seven cocktail parties in one evening. He worked it out in his head the next morning.

The publication of a serial story in a London daily reinforces the Press demand for an increased paper allocation to allow adequate discussion of national affairs.

A Hollywood film actress told a judge that the man she married after divorcing her former husband was not the man she thought he was. She should have examined her change before leaving the counter.

A sailor stranded at Plymouth is said to have spoken a language nobody could understand. He has been given a job as a railway announcer.

So cold was it one day this month that two people fainted while waiting in a queue for ice-cream.

Prices in Chungking average 1,500 times 1937 figures. There is some talk of sending British housewives out there to advise.

The Treasury aims, by means of a publicity campaign, to make us Civil-Service-conscious. Our only means of retaliating is to knock very hard on the counter.

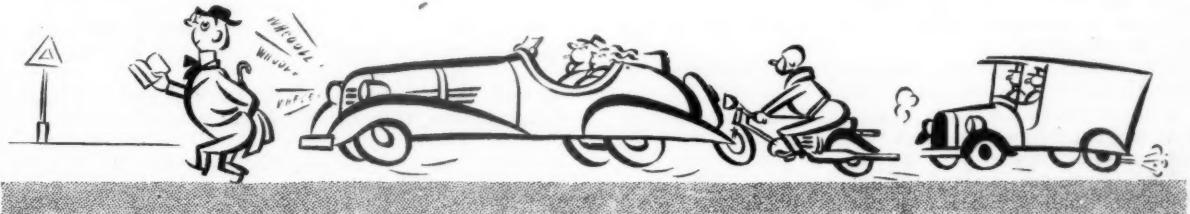


A newly-patented appliance stops the cycle cape from ballooning. If it reaches the shops there is of course no guarantee against its sky-rocketing.

"Thank you for the nice things you say about this column. It is really your sense of smell that is affected."

Medical column in "Weekly Scotsman."
You're too modest, Doctor.

"I never go out for a walk without a good book," observes a suburban reader. Of course he has to skip a bit now and then.



A Trifle Mixed

PEACE came over the waters flying
(This was the dream of a Golden Ass)
Looking for Ararat—lastly, sighing,
Settled in Boston, Mass.,

Booked a room in a tower of Babel,
Sat in a nest with pinions furled;
Holding a parcel that bore the label
ATOM TO END THE WORLD.

"Nobody quite knows where to park it
Out of the reach" (said Peace) "of Fear,
The rest of the Earth is a Raven Market,
Doves will be boarded here."

All the guests were extremely hearty,
Dragon and Bear and Uncle Sam
Clinked their cups at the Mad Tea Party,
And the Lion lay down with the Spam.

EVOE.

• •

Not That That Has Anything To Do With It, Of Course.

SOMEBODY," said my friend Wilberforce, "sent me a case of wine for Christmas."

"I congratulate you," I said. "I paid for my half-bottle of rum myself."

"At least, not a case of wine exactly. There was a bottle of sherry, a bottle of port and, may I add, a bottle of whisky. An acceptable gift."

"You seem to know the right sort of people."

"I know only six men," said Wilberforce modestly, "wealthy enough to afford such a gift, and of these two are ruled out because they are too mean and a third because he is too thirsty. That leaves Tom, Dick and, as a final possibility, Harry. I am not of course giving their real names."

"You mean," I said, leaning rather heavily on my umbrella in my astonishment, "that there was no indication who sent you this fantastic, this unbelievable gift? No slip, no card, no casual 'Am sending you under separate cover'? It seems to me that this is altruism gone hay-wire; this is the apotheosis of anonymity."

"Just what I said to myself, though not, I confess, so stylishly. But on second thoughts, the more probable explanation seemed to be that something had gone astray, one of those rare lapses by the G.P.O., perhaps, or a moment's carelessness in the packing department of the dispatching firm. These things happen. Do you not agree that this is the more tenable hypothesis?"

"You are probably right," I said, falling readily into the Socratic form.

"But can you imagine anything more confoundedly unfortunate?" he asked, abandoning it.

I could, easily. I could imagine getting the covering note and not the bottles. But I only twirled my umbrella about and asked him what on earth he proposed to do.

"Well, you see, I simply couldn't bear to think that someone should think I was ungrateful and ungracious

enough not to trouble even to acknowledge such an absolutely splendid—well, it was rather a splendid present, wasn't it? Easily the best I've had since I was practically at school, you know—and I was pretty sure in my own mind that it must be either Tom or Dick or—or Harry. So I wrote a letter to each of them—the same letter, only not cyclostyled or anything of course, because that would have given it away—and thanked them in really glowing terms for sending me such a wonderful 'surprise' was the word I used, I think. I didn't actually describe it, you see, but I said they ought not to have done it, and it really was too generous of them, especially nowadays when things are so hard to get hold of, and so on. In fact I said what I felt, naturally, and—

"But look here," I interrupted. "This is all very well for the chap who actually sent the stuff, but it puts the other two in a bit of a spot, doesn't it? I mean, if they haven't given you anything—"

"Yes, yes, I know," he said. "I thought of that, though there was still time before Christmas for them to—not that that has anything to do with it, of course—and, in short, I didn't post the letters in the end. As a matter of fact I met Tom and Dick in the club soon afterwards and I sort of brought the conversation round to presents and cases and so on, without actually suggesting anything—you know, just to see if, well, if they would react at all. But they didn't."

"I see," I said. "And what about the third—er—Harry? Have you tried this third-degree business on him?"

"I—no," began Wilberforce, and stopped. He blew his nose, flicked an imaginary speck off his coat-sleeve, took off his hat and peered earnestly inside it, consulted his wrist-watch three times in rapid succession, and altogether behaved in such a shuffling and unusual manner that a hideous, an impossible suspicion leapt into my mind—a suspicion so monstrous that I automatically swung my umbrella up to eye-level and squinted along it as I always do when upset or embarrassed beyond the common run.

"Well," said Wilberforce, "I must be getting along. I suppose. See you sometime, I expect."

"I say," I said—but he was gone. Not that I have any idea what I should have said to him if he had stayed.

That he should think me wealthy enough and—and not too mean, nor (in his own words) too thirsty—well! There it is. But what gets me down is that this conversation took place while there was still time before Christmas for me to—

H. F. E.

• •

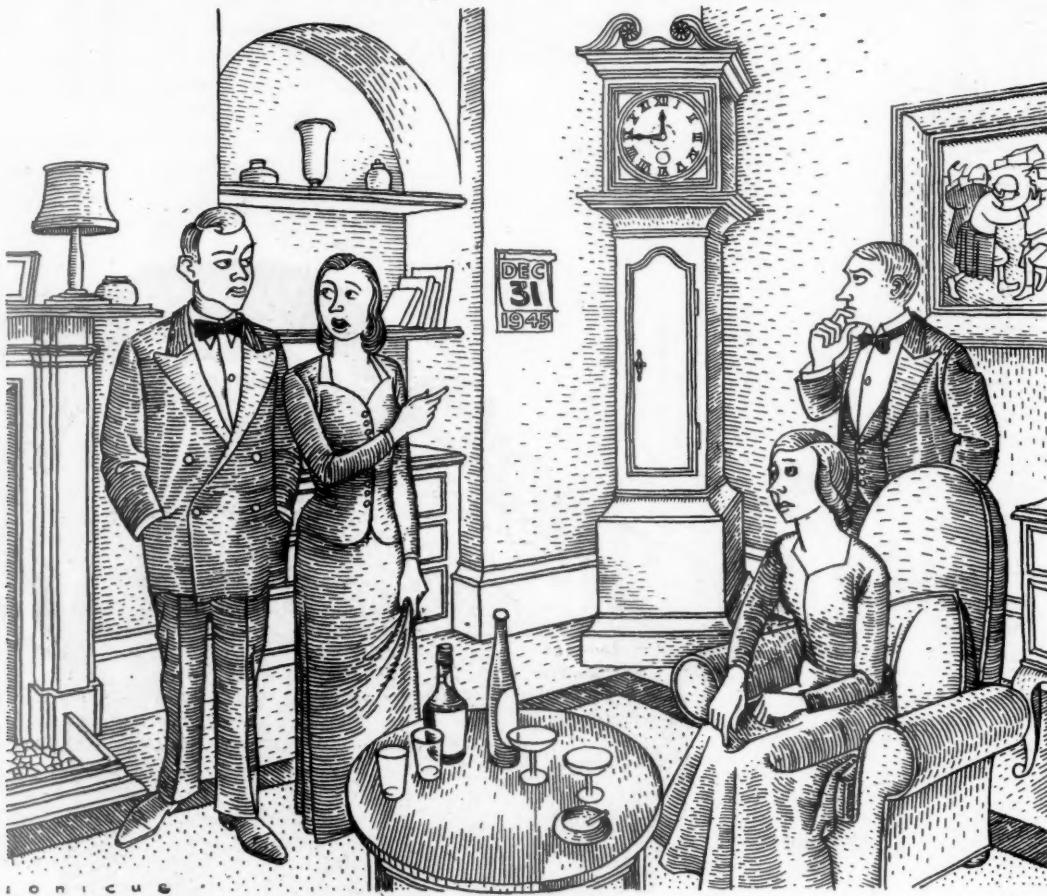
English Village

REMEMBERING, at night when beasts are fed
And winter-housed, content, swinging their tails,
The yard with mud of hooves, and steaming pails
Carried in frosty hands, under the red
Wind-shepherded sky; the slow green weed
Creeping along the dykes, the hawthorn hedge,
Stripped and bent back from fields where the soft seed
Sinks in the soil; the low grey ledge
Of walls, and a farm-bird's eggs in the grass,
Vainly hidden, ungathered but yet unhatched;
The village in rain, the street where Sundays pass
In isolate footsteps, hourly, window-watched;
Remembering the hills where springs have come
And autumns lie asleep; a man goes home.



THE PROFITEER

"Who said I was wanted by the Yard?"



"This time last year it was this year, wasn't it?"

Aunt Tabitha and the Christmas Rush

AM I boring you? . . . Well, we'll soon put that right. You may have found your own Christmas shopping adventures wearisome, but wait till you hear about ours.

As usual we went in a body, led by my Aunt Tabitha at a spanking trot. We find this is, even in these days, the only method by which every one of us can be given something he doesn't want. For a similar reason we always go to one of the very big stores, and sweep through it like a cloud of locusts; for if there is something one of us wants in one department, the chances are that (amid so many distractions) nobody will ever think of getting it.

After a little preliminary difficulty with the revolving doors, which a few inconsiderate people seemed to be trying to come *out* by, Aunt Tabitha made at once for the Men's Wear department, for she was set on getting her eldest great-grandfather a turtle-necked sweater; but it was some time before she could induce the man behind the

counter to take any notice of her. At length she bellowed "Hey!" and he came forward with an insincere look of willingness to please.

"What do I have to do to get any service in this joint?" Aunt Tabitha demanded in a bellicose manner.

"You must take your place in the queue, madam," said the man.

Aunt Tabitha cried "But there isn't any queue!"

"What!" said the man. "Dear me. We're very short-staffed, you know." He began to call to other assistants. Two or three people disengaged themselves from a howling mob of customers and came up, and the man said briskly to them: "No queue here. Who's responsible for this?"

"Well," said a young woman anxiously, "I've been on ash-trays since Tuesday, and then there were all those beetles in the Accounts Department, and I understood that till Miss Joggstop was back——"

"Never mind, never mind," said the man impatiently.
"Snap into it now."

They took up positions one behind the other at the counter. Aunt Tabitha looked as if she could hardly believe her eyes.

"In front of me?" she screeched. "Me, that got here first to buy a turtle-necked sweater—"

"No go, anyway," the man interrupted briskly. "We can't get the turtles."

"I could have told you that," said Aunt Tabitha's thin uncle in a superior tone as he withdrew frustrated from the counter.

The manager came forward, brushing himself down.

"I regret," he said, "that you have been disappointed in Clambake and Zimpany's. A few years ago it would have been inconceivable for us to disappoint any customer in this noble establishment—which was founded in 1838, I do not have to remind you, by Sir Pierce."

Aunt Tabitha's fat uncle said "Sir Pierce who?"

"Sir Pierce End of Tube With Pin," one of the cousins disrespectfully replied.

"Sir Pierce Clambake," said the manager austere, with a gesture towards a floodlit monument embodying many of the spikiest features of the Albert Memorial. We stared for a little at this bristling edifice, and at last the manager said in a hushed tone "We put that up in memory of Sir Pierce."

Aunt Tabitha's thin uncle voiced all our thoughts by observing "I quite see that it wouldn't have done to leave it lying down."

As this episode seemed to have played itself out, we traversed the Ironmongery floor (with its many tasteful notices reading "Strong—Reliable—Efficient—Attractive—Simply Operated—Unobtainable") to the Book Department, where Aunt Tabitha's youngest great-grandfather was at the "Endocrinology" counter displaying his grasp of literary affairs by saying to the young woman attendant "I hear the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* will shortly be coming out in book form."

She was beginning to reply "I'm afraid—" when Aunt Tabitha leaned across and murmured out of the side of her mouth "Pick your words carefully, girlie. Gentleman's in the Board of Trade."

Upon this the girl drew herself up and struck an attitude. "We must export or die, who speak the tongue," she declaimed, "that Shakespeare spake; the—"

But at this point we all moved further along the counter to where Aunt Tabitha's eldest great-grandfather was having what seemed to be a more promising dispute with a man assistant.

"I did not say Easter Monday, I said Eander Musty!" he cried out in a tone of exasperation.

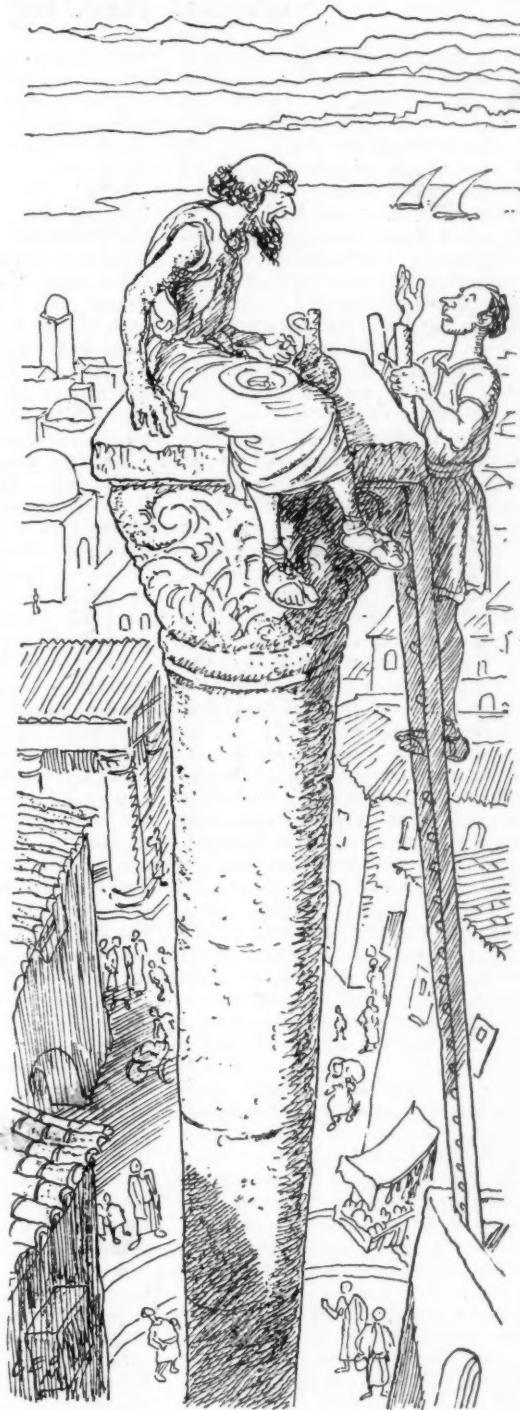
"Sounds like a poem by T. S. Eliot," said the man loftily. "Anyway no doubt it's out of print. Probably you've got the title wrong."

"Are you casting doubts on the efficiency of my memory?" said Aunt Tabitha's eldest great-grandfather with indignation. "I, who have what the psychologists describe as Total Recall?"

"Humphrey Bogart and Total Recall—Home Cinema department, eighth floor," said the man. "Sold out, as if you didn't know."

This was typical of our morning in Clambake and Zimpany's. In the end everyone had to fall back on the second choice—a four-gallon drum of dead black paint for rifle sights. After this we all adjourned sulkily to where a bunch of the boys were whooping it up at Ye Olde Gipsye Teae Roome (Fully Licensed). There, I may add, we narrowly escaped being lunched.

R. M.



"Sorry to bother you, but I'm from the billeting office."

G. Sinner

Rational Reading

AS a recently-demobilized man I must say I think the authorities have made a very good job of preparing us for our return to civilian life. There is just one point. I think they might have explained to us all about the ration book.

Many of us have not had to deal with such a thing before. I received mine yesterday, and eagerly retired to the nearest inn to study it over a pint of unrationed foodstuff. After the fourth reading I was still utterly in the dark.

I don't think I am particularly dumb. I have read most of our advanced authors and poets, and have understood them in places, too. I can—with skilled assistance—fill in an income tax return. As a naval officer I have coped with a representative selection of forms—and the Admiralty has a magnificent series of "S" Forms that starts at Form S-1 and gets well into four figures. As a naval rating my job was the decoding of signals, and even when these had been imperfectly received by the telegraphist I was able as a rule to make out a message that satisfied me if it satisfied nobody else.

But this ration book has me beaten. Let us examine the thing. On the cover it says "Ration Book," which is fair enough. It also gives my name and address, and this too I understand. It is when you open it that you are plunged straightway into the abstruse.

On page 2 there is a thing like a temperature-chart without the temperature. This is entitled "Grid General." That is all it says. Just "Grid General" in all its noble starkness. They seem to think it speaks for itself. Maybe, but it doesn't say a thing to me.

However, this is nothing. The author is merely getting into his stride. On page 4 we have a short chapter entitled "Reference Leaf." It contains blanks for filling in, and a perforated line so that it can be detached. So the author, to be the more puzzling, here lapses into explicitness and instructs us neither to fill in nor to detach.

Page 5 is a little thing of four paragraphs, sub-titled A, B, C and D. (D seems to have been included by mistake; it is clearly stated to be for use by the Food Office.) The quartet is known as "Form R.G. 12A," which seems as good a name as any for it. I have not the faintest idea what it is for.

On page 11 we get down to business

and start to catch up with the plot. It is a very beautiful page in diagram, with a symbolic design made up of 110 geometrical figures, with necromantic lettering and numbering. Apart from a sub-motif of "Meat," "Eggs," "Fats," "Cheese," "Bacon" and "Sugar," the author (or possibly it is the illustrator?) has incorporated the numbers from 17 to 24 inclusive (eight times each), the numbers 5 and 6 (six times), half a dozen Gs and a couple each of S, R, Q and P. It is one of the most deeply impressive passages in the whole book. My own theory is that it has something to do with sacrificing milk-white goats at midnight on the tops of mountains.

The next few pages are rather tedious variations on this theme. Myself, I feel it is a mistake. By itself it was powerful—it gripped you with its unexpectedness and mysticism. It is only fair, however, to mention that an unlooked-for twist is provided on page 17, where a spacious rectangle frames a heavy black "K."

There is of course no explanation of this "K." We do not expect one. We are becoming familiar with our author's methods. There is, however, a sober warning that, should that particular half-page be deposited, then overleaf and page 37 must be filled in. I don't see why anybody should want to deposit it. I am convinced that my bank wouldn't accept it. I had an idea that maybe it was an entitlement to some of the old Army "K" rations, but the landlord, who brought in a much-needed reinforcement at that moment, said No, he believed not. He himself didn't know what "K" signified, but he thought it was probably there just to fill up space and make the rations look bigger than they were.

The theme is finally discarded on page 19, and until page 34 the matter looks like sheets of lotto cards, though lotto of an unusually complicated kind. Each page holds a number of rectangles some with horizontal rulings, some with diagonal rulings, and some with no rulings at all. Each rectangle offers for one's excited perusal a single figure, a single letter below it, and another single letter below that. Page 25, for example, might be one of those Magic Squares you find in the "Party Fun" section of certain journals. Whichever way you read it, it all adds up to A.

On page 37 an earlier character is reintroduced—that enigmatic "K." This time it is headed "TEA" and

has below it the letters L, M and G. I think the author is here guilty of overcrowding his canvas. There is also Panel 3, but there is nothing very gripping about this. It simply counts up to thirteen, and lets it go at that. You are not, naturally, told what counts up to thirteen.

Panels 1 and 2, probably owing to bad proof-reading, follow Panel 3, appearing on the back page—the last, thank heaven. Panel 1 is (soap). It may be remarked that no other commodity is thought worthy of brackets, or even of just one bracket. I take the brackets to be the equivalent of a discreet whisper. Panel 2 is "G," which is perfectly splendid. I had been afraid I was not going to get any "G," but they were only keeping it for the last.

I am divided between admiration and envy for the civilian who has had so many years of grappling with these ration books, but has had so many years in which to get accustomed to them.

• •

O Wild Black Woolly Horse!

O WILD black woolly horse!
With mane of scarlet hue!
I wish my niece loved me
As much as she loves you.

If I, like you, had hung
Upon the Christmas tree
She might not have loved you
As much as she loves me.

One consolation—you
Are British born, I know,
And not from Nuremberg
Nor yet from Tokyo. A. W. B.

• •

Das Ex-Kapital

THE shades of night were f.f. as Tackle and I reached Berlin, so that our first impression of the ex-city was that afforded by the wardroom of Naval Party 20001, step-child of N.P. 20000, of which we were the distinguished emissaries. The wardroom with its ancillaries is the requisitioned mansion of a king, film-star or war-criminal, and it has therefore needed only a minimum of supplementation from naval sources to bring it to the standard of comfort to which our hardy mariners are by now inured. A sub-lieutenant in Germany without a richly-carpeted private bathroom would have a good claim to

hard-lying money, and anyhow, who won the war?

Not that Tackle and I had to slum with the Wardroom Mess. As distinguished emissaries we were fed and lodged by the Chief of Staff himself, whose house, which once belonged to the Ambassador of Outer Manchuria, sets an all-time high in Oriental occidentalism or vice versa. Sinful luxury is a pallid under-description of the Sino-Bavarian bathroom and the T'ang-Nazi lounge, and I am sure that had R.A.F. Intelligence been fully up to its task this pleasure dome could not have remained unbombed, a moral menace to the simple sailors who are forced to live in it. (I am dwelling on this matter of luxury at some little length from sheer literary craftsmanship. It is there to heighten the contrast with what follows—presuming of course that you *read* what follows.)

Early next morning—well, reasonably early—we set out on our tour of the ex-city. I think there is an outside chance of your following our progress with intelligent comprehension if I let you off such traveller's teasing as "Standing in the Zwiebel schwester-allee . . ." or "Sitting on a tank in Unter den Matrasen . . ." and give you the honest Cockney of it. Know then that, leaving our nest on what would be Wimbledon Common, we proceeded via Putney, in which no single house remained habitable, through Chelsea, which was unidentifiable rubble, on to Hyde Park, where there were still nice little slit trenches and burnt-out tanks about. At Hyde Park Corner a loosely-knit crowd of not-well-dressed Russian soldiers were mingling with shapeless civilians, and this was the Black Market. Passing under the arch we were told by a notice that we were in the Russian Zone, and exhortatory posters in undecipherable characters tended to confirm this. A French flag was flying over the Artillery Memorial. Piccadilly was recognizable because quite a few of the façades remained, though of course they were masking empty shells. Whitehall was rubble and façades, the House of Commons was rubble and a façade and the girders of a dome, and Westminster Abbey was just rubble. We visited the Strand and the City and Bloomsbury and Bayswater, and they were rubble and façades. We found another Black Market at Paddington, and two Russian officers outside the station who were annoyed because we couldn't give them a lift or understand them. (One of them even refused a cigarette.) Paddington was rubble and so was Marylebone and so was Mayfair. I hear that Hoxton (French Zone) and



"And what would you like for your stocking?"
"Easter egg."

Balham (American) are not too badly damaged.

As to Buckingham Palace . . . but I think I must leave the parable here and call it the Chancellery, and tell you that in the huge apartment with no ceiling and broken marble walls and, in the marble floor, a crater with a plank to cross it, in fact in Hitler's own patience-exhaustion and carpet-biting room, I found nothing but one little Mongolian sentry with an automatic rifle and very slit eyes. To me he looked like a thousand years of history. Perhaps more.

And the Germans? I am told there are 4,000,000 inhabitants of Berlin. But is inhabitant the correct word? Rubble-dwellers, neo-cave people, ants, sheep. I think sheep is best—very lean sheep and yellowish-in-the-complexion sheep, but just that—sheep.

Because (to come back again) standing in Parliament Square and looking through the empty façades to the acres and miles of rubble in every direction, seeing through them the pattern of all the other ex-cities of this land, one finds oneself boiling with anger at the inconceivable sheep-likeness that bleated its acquiescence in putting all this civilization at stake to be gambled and hammered and lost. Just silly, wickedly silly, sheep.

I mentioned all this to the little Mongolian in the wreck of Buckingham Palace, together with certain other philosophical musings to which I was stirred. It appears that my Mongolian isn't quite what it might be, or perhaps he used a different patois. Anyway, all he said was "Nichevo."

And there, this being a light-hearted journal, let's leave it.



"He should get his release in January, unless there's another 'speed-up'—in which case, of course, he will be held back owing to the shortage of men."

Topsy Turvy

XI

TRIX darling, one hundred salvos from a thousand guns, this is my *Christmas* epistle to the frozen Northgirls, I don't suppose for a moment you'll get it before *Easter* because of course of the Christmas rush, and I won't swear that the news in it will be utterly *topical*, because my dear I did think this year the septic Germans being practically defeated I might have sent you a really red-hot *Christmas* epistle on what the papers call *hard news*, bless them, but my dear last night, did you hear it, what was my dismay and deflation, there was the most unencouraging broadjaw from somebody about the Yuletide drill, and it said for pity's sake don't send any letter after the *August Bank Holiday*, only telephone after Whitsun, and never telegraph at all, as for *Christmas* greetings on gilded wires, nothing it said could be more anti-social and everything, and now my dear they tell me there are the largest G.P.O. vans traversing London to-day saying *TELEPHONE LESS* and *NEVER TELEGRAPH*, which my dear is like the *Song* putting streamers out to say *DON'T COME IN HERE*, of course my dear I know you'll say all this is *obese* exaggeration, which perhaps it is but not much, because my dear that is the absolute *trend* to-day, I mean the State saying I must do everything but don't expect me to do a *thing*, and the private fellow saying I ache to do

everything but nobody lets me, the result of which my dear is primordial chaos, and here I am composing my *Christmas* epistle to you in mid-Autumn, and quite unable to tell you what happened about Burnham Woods and everything, because I'm posting on Friday morning in the dim hope of reaching you before the first bluebell, my dear don't think for a moment that I'm not completely ethical about the post-personnel and telecommunicationmongers, because actually I'd like everyone to have six days off before *Christmas*, and another six after, my dear no food or posts or gas or electricity or anything, which Haddock thinks is a shade unfeasible though I should have said quite Christmassy in spirit, however there it is I can not tell you what happened about Burbleton Woods and everything because it will not have happened until after I caught the post to-morrow, if you see what I mean, which of course Haddock says he is all for because he says the stark menace to humanity is *easy communications*, and the more the State takes over everything the less there'll be of that, so to speak, well I mean he says after about three centuries the State has worked up to twopence-halfpenny on a letter from the Strand to Fleet Street, and he says with all-party support in a year or two they may get it up to sixpence or more, besides of course practically putting a

stop to all telecommunications, my dear what a word, whereas of course if you put some *frightful* wizard like Woolton in charge you'd have letters whizzing in at a penny a time, everybody would get through to everyone at once and life on the whole would be too communicative and unendurable, for which I must say there is something to be said, don't you agree darling, and I rather hope they'll internationalize the *cosmic* wireless and save us from some of this de-fatigating news.

On the other hand, I do confess, Haddock does have qualms about the Prime Meridian, of course my poor rustic I don't suppose you've ever thought about the Prime Meridian, and I can't say it's frequently kept your little friend awake, but actually Haddock says the Prime Meridian is Longitude Nought, the merest line my dear it seems but it goes through Greenwich, in the South-East of London, well it seems for years and more they've been arranging all the navigation and the Time and everything by their laughable line which goes through Greenwich of all places, my dear if you'd ever been there you'd see what I mean, not I gather that there's been the wee-est trouble about it, in fact Haddock says the simple mariners and birdmen have quite a feeling for the place, but there it is it's too uncentral and bombed to bits besides of course being about a year's tram-ride from Westminster and everything, apart from which of course the whole thing dates a bit from the bad old *Tory* days, and what with one thing and another they appointed the most ponderous Committee, which said that Greenwich was too unsuitable and far away, and to mark the New Era the Prime Meridian ought to be moved to Westminster, and pass if possible through the County Hall in memory of Herbert Morrison, well darling rustic though you are I expect you'll see the point of that, but there was the most acidulous row in the House, because it seems the astrosophers said they would have to start all over again, and how would anyone know where the Moon was or anything, to which of course the Gov. replied, It's the New Era and Damureyes, which it seems is the done thing nowadays, and if anyone who knew anything said anything there was a mocking yell, which also is the done thing now, however on a division it passed by a 183, and that was that, but now comes the rubble and wife, as the Civil Defence man said, my dear I wonder if you're giving the faintest attention to my *Christmas* message, if not do read it

all over again quite slowly, because honestly my dear you *must* try to keep abreast of civilization, whatever Henry does in his woods and spinneys, well you see now the *cosmos* had to be consulted, and of course the *cosmos* who never had a word to say about Greenwich, the moment there was all this yap about Westminster the entire *cosmos* begun to have ideas, as you may imagine, well first of all the Dominions, my dear Canada it seems said the Magnetic North, whatever that may be, was practically at her back-door and how suitable, etcetera, and Australia said she was half-way between the Old World and the New and the Prime Meridian ought to go through her, causing Haddock says practically Civil War between Melbourne and Sydney, not to mention Canberra, well then South Africa said what about Gold, so they had a Conference, which I believe sits still, meanwhile of course the remaining humans were all muttering snootily What is all this British Imperialism and Why should the Prime be on British soil at all, anywhere, my dear the Portuguese were too umbrageous, the Americans said New York or nowhere and on the whole Fifth Avenue, the Zionists of course had quite other notions, my dear the riots in Calcutta and Jerusalem, and so it went on, finally my dear the suffering Russians got wind of it, the new idea and now of course there's a cosmic conference in the pot, the result of which Haddock thinks will be that the Prime Meridian will be placed in Sweden, unless it moves from place to place at five-yearly intervals, thus driving all the astrospheres and navigators bats, which only shows as Haddock says how sage it may be to leave some things alone.

Well darling, I do hope my Christmas message may seed and fructify in your plough of a mind, if you'll forgive my poetry, it's not quite snowing, but the house is thick with fog, the gas is anaemic, my tiny hands are frozen, I rather think all the pipes will explode to-night, gangsters I'm quite confident surround the home, Haddock for all I know is voting for Burnham Woods, the twins are distant and probably engaged, but after all there will not be no sirens to-night, and peering through the fog I seem to see Britannia in the arms of Father Christmas, utterly illuminated by rays of hope, so all the happiest my oldest turtle, and for Heaven's sake don't touch that cheese if you think it's gone a yard too far, farewell, good Yuling, your antiquated Topsy.

A. P. H.

Winter, Cruel Winter

I KNEW you'd like a good walk," said James.

"Thanks," I said breathlessly, for we were going fast across roots, and had been for hours. "What kind of man is this cousin?"

"Big, thirsty, unreasonable and impatient," James gasped.

"Where's he going to meet us?"

"Golden Cow, Chilham, one-thirty."

"Nice pub?"

"Must be. He chose it. I don't know this side of the county."

"But you do know the way, I suppose?"

"Here it is on the map. Couldn't be simpler. That black blodge is Chilham and that black splodge is Sorrel Parva, the village down in the valley on our right."

"How far to Chilham?" I shouted. The wind, coming in from the north-west with unparalleled fury, was slap in our faces. It was heavily charged with bits of disintegrating igloo and once or twice I fancied I could smell whale-oil.

"Only five miles, and a whole hour and a half to make it."

"That's fine, isn't it?" I yelled through gritted teeth.

Huge banks of evil-looking cloud were moving up in formation, getting ready to do their stuff. And herds of small birds, crowding the hedgerows for the occasion, jeered at us.

"You do like this sort of thing, don't you?" James asked, kindly.

"Like anything," I grunted, stumbling over a heavy, square vegetable that some tired farmer had left about.



"I talked him into it."

1939

"I love it, too." He started whistling.

"There's something about a good winter's day," he shouted.

"The colder the better so far as I'm concerned," he shouted.

"You'll feel the benefit of this for weeks," he shouted.

I stopped dead, or very nearly.

"I'm awfully sorry, James, but I've got a fly in my eye."

"That's easy," he cried, digging out of his pocket a large silk handkerchief covered with dogs. "Which eye?"

"Can't you see? It feels like a Lancaster. Left."

James prised up my lid with a Great Dane.

"Nothing there. It must have taken off again."

"I can feel it sharpening its claws on my eyeball."

"I'll have another go," he said, beginning a gouging movement with a Sealyham.

"James, I wonder if you'd mind awfully calling off that dog?"

"Sorry. Am I hurting?"

"I find it disquieting at that range. It looks like a polar bear."

"There's absolutely nothing there."

"There is, James. I expect it's climbed into the duct to get out of the wind."

The larger part of his muddy thumb disappeared under my lid.

"I tell you, old boy, it's clean as a whistle."

"Thank you very much, James, for the trouble you've taken, but I can feel it playing five-finger exercises on my optic nerve. Has it made my eye very red?"

"A bit pink, but that's probably the wind and my thumb."

"It feels like a sunset. I told you



"I talked him into it."

1945



"... we extend a very warm welcome home."

what my man said about my eyes the other day? He said 'You'll go on seeing for quite a while on condition you're good to those lids. But your lids are tender. Very, very tender. If you don't see to any lid-irritation immediately I just can't answer for the consequences.'"

"Why should your lids be so tender?" James asked crossly, looking at his watch.

"He thinks there isn't enough fat behind my eyes. It's common enough among thinkers. The brain absorbs it all."

"Well, I can't do any more."

"I know you can't, James, and above all you mustn't keep your cousin waiting. I'll drop down into Sorrel Parva and find a chemist or somebody with a clean paint-brush, and you come along from Chilham with your cousin in his car."

"I hate leaving you like this."

"My dear fellow, please don't give it a thought. It may take a long time to get this thing out."

"All right, then. I'll be as quick

as I can. So long." And he strode off masterfully into the teeth of the typhoon.

The nearer I got to Sorrel Parva the snugger and warmer it looked. At the end of the village I could see an inn-sign swinging madly. When I opened the door a wave of beautiful, creamy, pre-inhaled air took me off my feet.

"A ghastly morning," volunteered a man pegging into a tankard by the fire.

"I cannot recall a worse," I said, putting myself to thaw.

"I never go out in the winter unless I have to. You're not walking for pleasure, I take it?" he demanded, glaring with distrust at the stout stick James had forced on me.

"Good heavens, no. What'll you have?"

"Wallop, please. Some people do, you know."

"You're telling me. Up on that mountain above us at this very moment is my host, quite blue in the face, with another five miles to go, under the impression he is not only

prolonging his life but doing something rather decent and English."

"It sounds horribly like my Cousin James," said the man, shivering.

"Then what are you doing in Sorrel Parva?" I asked him quickly.

"Bain't Sorrel Parva," put in the landlord. "This be Chilham."

"Is James really up there?"

"And map-reading like mad so as to meet you in Chilham at one-thirty."

"I got a bit thirsty. Here, what are you doing in Chilham, if it comes to that?"

"I got a fly in my eye," I answered, with dignity.

James's cousin began to laugh, a great guttural gale of a laugh. The landlord joined in, and after a bit so did I.

"I drink to our dear stalwart James," said his cousin, raising his can. "May he grow ever harder and harder and remain a terrifying example to us all. Now before the reception committee embarks for Sorrel Parva in a closed and steam-heated vehicle, what's yours?"

ERIC.



CHRISTMAS EVE AT MOSCOW

My Lifetime in Basic Industry

VII—Courtship in Scowle

MY mother always said that nothing but sin and shame would come of it when my sister Marion took a job in the office of Lawyer Fishwick in Ashbridge. To my mother Scowle was a corner of decency in a large and vicious world. She regarded everyone born outside Scowle not only as foreigners and heathens, but variously as "the unrighteous," "the afflicted" and "the lost"—everyone, that is, except the Queen and the late Mr. Gladstone. In her view there was no really respectable occupation for a man but coal-mining, none for a woman but housewifery. Her great sorrow was that she had brought only two girls and two colliers into the world.

In a vague groping kind of way my mother anticipated much of the modern theory of heredity, though her genes and chromosomes were minute organisms that somehow got into the blood-stream through the prolonged inhalation of coal-dust.

"Certain sure," she would say, "nowt o' good can coom o' this fatuation. What isna there i' first place canna coom out, by my reck'nin'."

She referred of course to my sister's *affaire* with Mr. Wallace Worboners, a young ledger clerk whom Marion had met while roller-skating in Ashbridge. The fact that my sister Marion refused to invite her lover to Scowle merely confirmed my mother's worst convictions and made her opposition to the match more vehement.

My sister Marion was a foolish girl in some ways. Her head had been turned by the phantoscope shows and lantern lectures which were then all the rage in Ashbridge, so that she grew dissatisfied with our humble cottage and our rude way of life. She was determined that Mr. Worboners should never discover her origins.

Meanwhile my mother did everything she could to break the liaison. She invited Saul Crabb to supper almost every night and placed the parlour and the best set of dice at the young couple's disposal. And when Saul Crabb got engaged to Jessie Clewlow with commendable speed my mother turned her attention to Ralph Hunslett, the checkweighman's son.

The family was seriously incommoded by these stratagems, for when my grandfather Ebby was turned out of the parlour he transferred the impedimenta of his scientific studies—his gadgets and chemical apparatus

—to the kitchen. The long winter evenings thus became so unbearable that my father and my brother Caleb sought refuge in the billiards room of the Scowle Arms. We suffered financially too, for Mrs. Hunslett insisted that the sweetmeats and baubles with which her son wooed my sister Marion were chargeable to our account. During these anxious months the Coronation mug on the kitchen dresser was always empty.

It was a chance word overheard in the vaults of The Half-Nelson that made my father realize at last that the family reputation was at stake. One afternoon as she was mincing along the cobbled High Street in her high-heeled boots my sister Marion was hissed by a gaggle of women outside Turner's Emporium. That night my father thrashed her within an inch or two of her life and ordered her to produce the missing Worboners.

The most careful preparations were made for the inspection. Our clogs were polished until they shone like glass and their soles were freshly creosoted. Old Ebby practised wearing his shirt tucked inside his trousers

and my mother promised not to flannel any backs during supper. I enlarged the small hole in the floor of my bedroom, my window on to life in the parlour.

Mr. Wallace Worboners was disappointing. We had expected some monocled scion of the nobility, faultlessly groomed and attired. He was merely short and pimply. My mother held out her hand and eyed him critically, appraising his thews and biceps.

"Well, Mr. Worboners, lad," she said, "tha'st welcome, Ah'm sure. Tak' th' jacket off an' sithee down."

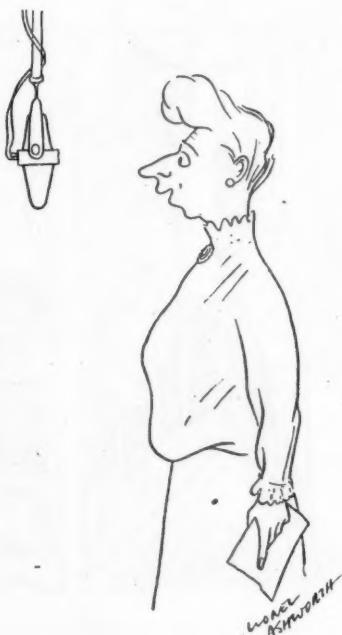
Supper was an uncomfortable meal. The "lobby" or hot-pot was good, but so anxious were we to take our cue in the matter of table etiquette from Mr. Worboners that it was lukewarm and greasy before we really got going.

We had been eating, virtually in silence, for about five minutes when it happened. Suddenly we heard someone yell just outside the window and a large stone shattered a pane and hit my grandfather Ebby on the temple.

We sprang to our feet cursing and ran to the door. In the street before our cottage a crowd of some fifty or sixty men and women had gathered. In the forefront stood Ralph Hunslett and his mother. The explanation was simple. Infuriated by Mr. Worboners' appearance in the village—it had robbed them of their latest scandal—the worst elements in Scowle had rallied to the support of Mrs. Hunslett, who realized that her income would suffer if Ralph were supplanted as suitor to Marion.

We knew of course what the demonstration meant, and though we all felt sorry for Mr. Worboners we knew that there could be no backing out. My mother parleyed with Mrs. Hunslett for a few minutes, making the necessary arrangements for the contest. Mr. Tellwright was sent to The Half-Nelson to keep watch over Mr. Chalmers, the village constable, and the rest of the mob moved off up the scarp face of Barlow's Pike to prepare the arena.

Poor Mr. Worboners was bewildered. As we marched up the hillside my mother massaged his arms and shoulder blades with embrocation while my father poured a stream of advice into his left ear. And as the grim future began to unfold before him Mr. Worboners grew more and more pale. By the time we had reached the



"This morning I have another pointless recipe."

little platform of rock on which all Scowle's duels were staged he was trembling like a mechanical drill. Once or twice he tried to speak in protest, but he was silenced at last when my mother pushed a thick wad of cotton-wool into his mouth to protect his gums.

Now the arena was cleared. It was a cold night and the pit-lamps cast a bluish frosty light on the faces of the spectators who were yelling for blood and shouting their odds. From the shoulders of my grandfather Ebby I had a good view, and I was so excited that I hardly noticed the bitter wind that blew through my thin nightdress.

My mother and Mrs. Hunslett were in their corners pressing flint chippings between the clenched fingers of the contestants and pouring brandy down their throats. Suddenly Jem Clewlow jumped into the ring and held up his arms.

"On my right," he shouted, "Wallace Worboners Esquire of Ashbridge. (*Booing*); on my left, Ralph Hunslett of Scowle. (*Cheers*.) There will be forty-eight rounds of . . ."

At that moment Mrs. Hunslett rushed into the ring and struck the referee across the face.

"Wha's tha' mean," she shouted, "Wallace Worboners 'squire. My Ralph's as good nor 'm onyday. This scum o' Ashbridge . . ."

I saw my mother leap and the next minute both women were locked in battle. My father hurled himself upon Alec Thorogood who tried to separate the two women, and my brother Caleb tackled Ralph Hunslett. That was all I saw. My grandfather Ebby suddenly threw me to the ground and joined the mêlée. I ran home as fast as I could to find my sister Marion sobbing in the rocking-chair.

It was a bad night's work. They came home in dribs and drabs just before dawn in varying states of disrepair. My mother had a piece missing from her left ear.

The opposition got off rather lightly except that Mrs. Hunslett had considerable difficulty in digesting my mother's ear-ring. Nothing was seen or heard of Mr. Wallace Worboners either during or after the struggle, and several months elapsed before my mother allowed old Ebby to wear the youth's jacket and gold watch and chain.

• • •

Any Port

"SERVICE Girl being demobbed, would appreciate following: Adjustable Bed Chair, few yds. Lino, small bungalow or large galv. bath, oddments; reasonable."

Advt. in local paper.

Sea-Piece

THE Parade is deserted on a winter afternoon. There are no children, and the bath-chairs appear for no more than a brief hour at midday, bowling briskly along with that impetus an east wind in the back impels upon the pusher.

Even those confident masterless dogs who haunt shingle beaches demanding that strangers throw stones and inflicting a torrent of shrill barking on those who comply are gone, vanished to unknown and unsuspected homes, to lie before the fire and listen to the distant sea. The wind whistles through the narrow verandas of the villas which fringe the Parade, Osborne, Albion and Prince Consort, whipping the varnished shells, which in summer burgeon nasturtiums, to a loose clattering heap at one end, flicking viciously at the suspended notices which make modest announcement of Board Residence—Ladies Only. Only the permanent residents are left in the rooms behind, inhabitants from choice or because, like Mrs. Hatchbuck and Miss Gash, their incomes are too exiguous to admit of removal, their continuance a feat of jugglery.

It is still possible through the gathering dark to see the bulky shape of Mrs. Hatchbuck on the beach below, adroitly perched on a mound of shingle, protected from the evils of damp by a folded newspaper, her toque, a loyal imitation of royal fashion, bound down by a veil beneath the chin, such a black veil as becomes a widow of advancing years. (Not that she is eager to announce their total, she allows speculation to roam unchecked over their possible extent, merely allowing that she is not so young as she was.) She is knitting, head bent against the wind, and only when it is completely dark will she climb the steps of the sea wall and re-enter Consort Villa.

Miss Gash, perched in that villa's bow window behind a judicious veiling of Nottingham which allows for seeing without being seen, regards the stoic spectacle with distaste. She has removed a vase of artificial flowers (the proprietress of the little boarding-house performs miracles of decorative economy, but home-made paper carnations make Miss Gash meditate on how far desire can outrun performance) in order that no trifling detail shall impede her view of the concluding ceremony, the moment when Mrs. Hatchbuck will rise, fold her knitting in the newspaper, and, removing her

shoes and a double thickness of black stocking, lave elderly ankles in the cold waters of the Channel. Her dear mother insisted on it—how many years ago?—and to this daily ritual performance she attributes such strength of body and mind as she possesses.

"Vulgar, unseemly, unnecessary, childish . . ." In the seclusion of her oriel Miss Gash ticks off her fellow-boarder's demerits with an unsparing finger. The flick of the curtain by which ultimate disgust with such a performance is indicated is not lost on Mrs. Hatchbuck as she laboriously regains the high ground of the Parade, and to herself she murmurs the syllables of a familiar litany—"Inquisitive, prying, unladylike . . . and she of all people"—no more than the formulation of the words is required to conjure the picture of Miss Gash (who, with Spartan rejection of all pious fabrications about age, admits to sixty-seven) as she disported herself in the summers before the war garbed in a bathing-dress styled somewhere in the early 1900's, skirted, trousered, sleeved and sailor-collared, of everlasting navy twill edged and enhanced with scarlet.

So does she intend to display herself afresh now that peace has come. Has not an amorphous mass of navy material been disinterred from her wardrobe, and has she not made a wholly superfluous announcement of the alterations she is taking in hand, the rejuvenation of the neckline she intends against next summer?

That she should hurry to open the front door, allowing the warm odour of Irish stew to eddy into the dark, is as much an aggravation as the smile which partners a carefully chosen phrase as to the pleasantness of Mrs. Hatchbuck's "little paddle," but, though conscious of dangerous reply only too near her lips, Mrs. Hatchbuck makes the answer that good manners and the upbringing of a gentlewoman exact.

"Odious" thinks Miss Gash as she regards a trickle of damp sand extend itself in the wake of the shabby figure mounting the stairs to don the satin front which by courtesy and habit transforms day dress into dinner. "Insufferable," says Mrs. Hatchbuck beneath her breath when, the landing corner safely turned, she can allow herself the freedom of expression denied in the hall.

Indomitable is not a word which either would apply to herself or accord the other.



"Bill! Something terrible's happened! While you were out we had burglars!"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Saints on Shipboard

MACAULAY who suggested that history should be treated "factually, philosophically and imaginatively" would have found his admirable recipe admirably carried out in *Brendan the Navigator* (GILL, 10/6). St. Brendan, if his name awakens any echoes over here, probably recalls Tennyson's "Maeldune" and a series of myth-bedizened voyages two centuries later than Brendan's. But Brendan, scraped of hagiographical barnacles, emerges as a scholar and priest, of a highly-scholarly Irish sixth-century, who in search of the Earthly Paradise, and in a spirit of expiation, made, in something like an Isle-of-Aran *curragh*, three historical voyages lasting five, two and ten years. The first voyage, in 545, was to Iceland and involved spending Easter as the guest of a whale; a feat which has several parallels more documented than Sindbad the Sailor's. The second, starting with a bigger ship and sea-holly to ward off scurvy, reached Florida via Newfoundland. Here there was an Irish colony already, possibly coeval with the penetration that gave the Mexicans the "white god" stories that greeted Cortes? The third voyage, with St. Malo and other companions, reached Egypt by way of Brittany. Relying on a technique of accumulated probabilities, Dr. GEORGE A. LITTLE has reached impressive, if necessarily tentative, conclusions, given splendid substance to a shadowy era and written a remarkably vivid biography. H. P. E.

Some French Catholics

In *Adventures in Grace* (LONGMANS, GREEN, 15/-) RAÏSSA MARITAIN, wife of the well-known French philosopher, continues her reminiscences of the Catholic circle celebrated in "We Have Been Friends Together." In religious memoirs there is often a struggle between the writer's natural acuteness and his or her acquired charity, the result being a certain blurring of reality. It is difficult, for example, to form a clear idea of a married couple described in such terms as—"After their souls were at peace their rich and beautiful characters remained just as sensitive as when they had lived in so much anxiety; more than ever they were capable of enthusiasm and love." On the other hand, the domestic difficulties of Charles Péguy, the French poet who became a Catholic a few years before the last war, may be divined in such a sub-acid sentence as—"His own family did not follow him in his spiritual evolution (that is, they did not yet; it was necessary for him to die and for his greatness to appear)." Léon Bloy, the most interesting character in Madame MARITAIN's first volume, appears again. Some idea of the temperament of this extraordinary Catholic apologist may be gathered from such an outburst as—"I am devoured by the need for justice as though by a dragon famished since the days of the Deluge." His life was certainly an adventure. How much of grace there was in it a more detached study than Madame MARITAIN's might reveal.

H. K.

Lights and Shades

It may not be possible for a book to be all things to all men, but *The English Teacher* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 8/6) at least achieves the distinction of being a good many things to each particular reader. One is amused, baffled, touched, exasperated and enchanted by it, paragraph by paragraph. The publishers go so far as to allude to Mr. R. K. NARAYAN as the "Indian Tchehov," a claim based presumably on an occasional touch of feather-light satire in his description of the difficulties of educationists. The book is written in the first person by the English Teacher at the Albert Mission College, and in the first chapter we meet him exasperated by his chief and pricking the self-importance of a colleague—"Mr. Gajapathy, there are blacker sins in this world than a dropped vowel." He stopped on the road and looked up and down. He was aghast. I didn't care." In contrast to all this much ado-ing there is the prettiest picture of an Indian school run by a born teacher who loved children and made his own brown-paper story-books. The spiritualistic side of the story is its most exasperating. The English Teacher loses his wife and is for ever seeking her in the publicity of the séance. He makes contact, but all the usual vagueness follows. The book ends when the wife appears in his room and is given a sprig of jasmine from a wreath that has been bestowed on the husband. "The boundaries of our personalities suddenly dissolved. It was a moment of rare, immutable joy—a moment for which one feels grateful to Life and Death." The author deals so well with the living of this world that it seems a pity he could not be content with them.

B. E. B.

Savoy, 1944

Age of Thunder (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 8/6) is a novel about a secret mission in Upper Savoy undertaken by a young French-American in the spring of 1944. There are the materials of a good thriller in the book—traitors, heroes, ideological fanatics, collaborationists, desperate wanderings over mountains, death in many forms, love at

its most idyllic. But Mr. FREDERIC PROKOSCH, who has a considerable reputation as a poet, has spoilt an exciting narrative by loading it with poetic touches which do not quite come off and brooding speculations which are rather portentous than profound. His characters, who are sharply distinguished from one another externally, ranging from a French lawyer with gleaming pince-nez to a massive negro whose torso has an earthy, leathery rather comforting scent, are all equally unreal. A few searching remarks, illustrating life in general and these times in particular, might plausibly be dropped by a group of persons creeping through hostile territory. But one does not expect the rounded periods proper to a symposium—for example: "Do you remember what Sophocles said? When he was an old man of eighty, at the end of all his greatness, he said that his final release from fleshly desires was like an escape from a mad and cruel master." Nor, as the exhausted party is approaching the Swiss frontier, can one readily accept that the hero should ruminant thus on love—"Love is the last thing to keep the darkness from entering us, and it is a little thing, Susanna."

H. R.

Down, Towser, Down!

Whether your particular tyrant be a Shih Tzu or a Battersea waifhound you will like *British Dogs* (COLLINS, 4/6) if you like dogs at all. It is a survey, necessarily brief but very informative, of the ups and downs of our native and imported breeds, by Mr. A. CROXTON SMITH, the chairman of the Kennel Club, and is the latest addition to the "Britain in Pictures" series. Mastiffs, of Asiatic origin and probably brought here by the Phoenicians, seem to have been the first recorded type; they were good enough for the Romans to send home to the arena. By the time of the Forest Laws greyhounds, spaniels, lurchers and rudimentary sheep-dogs had arrived, besides countless interesting mongrels. Bloodhounds came with William the Conqueror, pugs with William and Mary. Charles the Second was excessively fond of toy spaniels, but Henry VIII, ruthless fellow, banned all dogs from his court but "some small spaniells for ladies," an exception due perhaps to a service they were believed to render, charmingly described in the following quotation from an anonymous ancient: "The smaller ladyes popees that bear away the flees and dyvers small fowles." Mr. CROXTON SMITH shows how all through our history man has moulded and remoulded the dog to the ends of sport and fashion, and is still doing so, for such popular breeds as West Highland and sealyham have only been recognized by the Kennel Club since 1900, corgis since 1920. The atomic dog is probably even now on the way. Eight plates in colour and twenty-four black-and-whites make the book doubly attractive.

E. O. D. K.

Dora Regina

Peace, however grisly and makeshift, owes us another novel by Mr. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM, and here, with its high-spirited freight of rollicking malice, it is. *Good Intentions* (METHUEN, 7/6) shows the hideous consequences of giving an evacuated child of eight its head during the perilous autumn of 1940. Because Elsie Elton is allowed to drop a letter in a bottle from the deck of the American-bound *Ukrania*, England and America are involved in heart-searing suspicions and Ireland—of course Ireland!—intervenes to make bad worse. The letter, duly censored before its committal to the Atlantic, merely offers a birthday present to the child that shall pick it up. But you know what these presents are! The very word smacks of

subterfuge. Maureen of Innishbofin retrieves the bottle off the Connaught coast; and Maureen's father is a stalwart of the I.R.A. If there are dollars going, Dark Rosaleen could do with them; and how are Elsie's papa, a permanent Civil Servant, and her host, a pillar of Wall Street, to explain their evident complicity? Before they do so many war-time mysteries are impishly elucidated, among others that strange departmental gusto over the shipping shortage and the omnipresence in English trains of the American army.

H. P. E.

Those Victorians

Satire at the expense of the Victorians and their era becomes increasingly *vieux jeu*: partly perhaps because the amazing self-satisfaction of the generation which grew up between the two wars is gradually giving place to an uncomfortable doubt whether the much-despised nineteenth century was really quite so completely beneath contempt as it was painted. Mr. C. E. VULLIAMY'S *Edwin and Eleanor* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 12/6) is a case in point. It is one of those pseudo-discoveries of family correspondence and diaries such as no human being other than a congenital idiot would ever in fact have dreamed of keeping in the Victorian or any other age, in the course of which much fun—sometimes savage, sometimes merely malicious—is poked at the little ways of our great-grandparents, at their crinolines and their croquet, their humbug and snobbery, their secret philanderings and infidelities. Yet somehow it all falls rather flat. Paradoxically even the satirist who resurfaces a bygone age needs a certain sympathy with it to do so effectively. Presumably the eighteen-fifties possessed the usual proportion of average decent men and women who were neither fools nor hypocrites nor aesthetic *poseurs*, and a recognition of that fact would have rendered the arrows of Mr. VULLIAMY's sarcasm a good deal more convincing.

C. F. S.



"Would you care to hold this red flag?"

At the Play

"SPRING, 1600" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

THIS is a revised version of the play by Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS put on in 1934. It is about a country girl who runs away on the eve of her wedding disguised as a boy to London, where she joins *Burbage's* company, falls in love with the great man, plays the lead opposite him to the satisfaction of the town, and at length, after five glorious weeks, is discovered and gently returned to Ongar and the altar.

There is much here that should please. We are translated, for one thing, to an age as heroic as our own but in which, vastly preferable form of earthquake, the world is moved not by scientists but poets; and the opportunities this gives for fuller and richer diction, in welcome contrast to the verbal shorthand of the current stage, are much to the taste of Mr. WILLIAMS with his Welsh ear sensitive to the beauties of language. *Burbage's* Shoreditch bedroom, green-room for a motley, bustling crowd of Elizabethan players, is a background against which odd and colourful characters are with great naturalness introduced. *Burbage* himself is a fine, romantic, carefree dog, *Ann* a girl to win hearts. And what playgoer, however jaded, would not get a mild thrill on learning that the modestly behaved gentleman who has just walked through into the kitchen with a bit of paper in his hand is a man called Shakespeare, bringing another slab of verse to an actor-manager for whom Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher are also writing?

And yet? The play lacks kick. It is like a watch which has a nicely decorated face and a well-jewelled movement, but too weak a spring. *Ann's* love for *Burbage* and her rivalry with the dashing *Lady Coperario* are not on a scale to shake us, and one feels anyway that this *Burbage* must have been curiously insensible not to notice that the boy playing the girl so prettily has every reason for doing so. Nor are *Burbage's* financial straits over the Globe more than an incidental

excitement in an entertainment which must be classed as an attractive episode rather than a satisfactory play.

Miss JESSICA SPENCER gives *Ann* spirit and charm and a pleasant voice. Mr. ANDREW CRUICKSHANK's *Burbage* has a fine presence (much finer, by the way, than the original, who is said to have been short and stout) and the authentic manner of one of nature's heart-breakers. When occasion demands he is capable of noble declamation, he is at once tender and gay, and in fact he is altogether a very likeable

WEBSTER the newly-formed L.U.D.S. show a pluck which happily is matched by their performance. It is no easy task to conduct his nimble-witted monsters through the maze of intrigue and black contrivance which leads them (the survivors) to a final scene which suggests Home Weapons Week at Florence and is rounded off by what must be one of the most practical utterances in the whole of British drama: when *Giovanni*, whom poison and a running bowline have just hustled into a dukedom, cries "Remove the bodies!" For WEBSTER wrote with the gloves off. Where Shakespeare grew tired of villains, he delighted in them and found his raw material in horror, deceit and the extremes of intellectual cruelty. And he saw to it that his villains were equipped with all the latest scientific aids, as when *Brachiano* watches the murder of his wife by television through a sorcerer. How he would have loved the tricks of cinema!

This production, which does Miss ARIADNE NICOLAEFF much credit, is distinguished by a sound level of acting and by the fact that, in spite of many temptations in the script to fly off the handle, the cast remains, so to speak, emotionally in gear. When it is WEBSTER you are dealing with, this is a positive achievement. *Vittoria* is bravely taken by Miss ALICE HUGHES. My only quarrel with her is that both in make-up and expression she is too virtuous; this is, after all, one of the most talked-of women in Italy. *Cornelia* and *Isabella*

are well played by Miss JOAN MASKELL and Miss BETTINE McDONALD, the former singing admirably the dirge over *Marcello*.

Mr. JOSEPH NEVILLE has the plum in *Flamineo*, the pander, and scores high marks. He is a little inclined to run away with himself in an ecstasy of turpitude, but he more than makes up for it by his remarkable variety of tone and movement.

Mr. GEORGE SPAUL makes a suitably tough *Brachiano*, and *Camillo*, *The Duke of Florence* and the *Cardinal* are played with spirit by Mr. LEONARD RUSSELL, Mr. MAURICE COHEN and Mr. JOHN BREBNER. ERIC.



PERIOD PIECE—TUDOR

*Richard Burbage MR. ANDREW CRUICKSHANK
Winifred (his wife) MISS EDNA MORRIS*

fellow. *Mrs. Burbage*, shrewd and warm-hearted, who frequently dominates the company in her nightdress and even dominates it when no more than a dynamic mound in the huge four-poster, is played by Miss EDNA MORRIS with much good judgment. Miss HELEN CHRISTIE's *Lady Coperario* is a courtesan of quality, and as a female impersonator past his prime Mr. CAMERON MILLER adds considerably to the fun. ERIC.

"THE WHITE DEVIL" (LONDON UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC SOCIETY)

In launching themselves on the murky, blood-spattered waters of



"... doesn't he realize it's a Bill Sikes' party . . . ?"

Letter to a Refrigerator-Maker

DEAR SIR,—Have you ever wondered what became of that refrigerator you made from an aeroplane propeller and the top of a pneumatic drill in those early days before you moved from the little tumbledown shed to commodious new premises? Or did it send you from the commodious premises to the tumble-down shed? Never mind. We all make mistakes, though not perhaps such lasting ones, and I don't want to be nasty, I just want to tell you that your refrigerator is here, right here in my flat. For the time being it is what

you might call my refrigerator. It is to me, in a sense, what other people's refrigerators are to them. And it's in fine shape. I don't suppose it ever went better in its life.

Since I got this refrigerator of yours I've been thinking about refrigerators in general and wondering when they were invented, and—forgive me if this is painful—when I think of the day my refrigerator was declared open, or, if you prefer it, shut, do you know what I see? *A man in a top-hat and frock-coat getting run over.* And it's no good saying that that was a train.

Keats held that what the imagination seizes as beauty must be truth. Again, never mind. Think of all the refrigerators you've made since, that haven't run over anyone—or have you given up? Tell me—what, as soon as people make things again, are you thinking of making? Then think—I say this in all earnestness—think again.

Shall I describe my refrigerator in detail? Memories, especially unhappy memories, soon fade, and you'll want to know what the fuss is about. The funny thing is that it looks like a perfectly ordinary refrigerator. White

enamel inside and out, removable shelves, ice-chamber, everything. How did you do it? Pinch a refrigerator of another make and put new works in? A wistful thought has just struck me. I suppose there weren't any works in when you pinched it? Even very, very old works? No; I can't think that. No, the space for the works *must* have been empty and you *must* have had that sudden idea writers are supposed to have when they see a blank sheet of paper. Besides, even very old works would have given you some idea, a mere hint or two—no, I do understand. It must have been terribly difficult, though tremendously exciting, and it was grand of you to try.

You know—this sounds off the point, but wait—you know how the same old jokes crop up in friendly talk: "Tidy little place you've got" if you find someone spring-cleaning, or "Looks like rain" in a cloudburst? Well, when people first see, I mean hear, my refrigerator, what do they say but "Doesn't it make you think you're on a ship?" My answer is that it does, and I like to imagine I'm crossing the Atlantic at ten pounds a day because it makes life almost cheap in comparison. But it does get boring. I'd think of a new joke if, as I was saying, one didn't always find oneself making the same old ones. I hope you don't mind my telling you all this. Of course it wouldn't really cost ten pounds a day, because for that money I wouldn't be up against the engines, would I?

Of course my friends say other things as well about my refrigerator, and none of them very bright things either. They say it is run by

A mouse turning a handle
A dog turning a handle
A little man turning a handle
Clockwork
Steam.

But don't go trying to remember which of these is the refrigerator you

made for me. It is run, as I told you, by an aeroplane propeller and the top of a pneumatic drill. I know because once I had a man round to mend it, and you can be sure I took a good look inside when he asked me to. I do wish you could have been there. I know how I sometimes wish I could read my school essays again, for example! I expect you're sorry now that you used a perfectly good pair of elastic braces for the belting, but you wouldn't want them back, really you wouldn't. This man who mended my refrigerator was amazingly clever. When he left—I mean, until his footsteps had died away, and you can hear footsteps right down the road here to the corner of the flats—it was making no more noise than, say, when you run the engine of a small lorry without revving up. Or do you, when you run the engine of a—no, I don't see why I should think that. Yes, this man seemed to know my refrigerator as well as if he'd made it himself. I've just had a terrible suspicion. Have you got stiff sandy hair and a boiler-suit held up by two big safety-pins? No, I'm sure now it wasn't. You would have stuck up for yourself. You've got faith in your ideas, and the more wrong they seem the more right you know they are, don't you? Fine. That's genius.

Now here's something that may surprise you. You remember that pneumatic drill. You thought that if you cut the end off it wouldn't work like one—wouldn't pound its way through and get you into trouble before you could change your telephone number? Well, what you didn't realize was that it would still vibrate like one; and you know how a pneumatic drill vibrates. Don't tell me you didn't have a go at the shed floor before you got down to my refrigerator. But, you will say, what's so wrong with vibration? It sets up a draught, doesn't it, and it's draughts that make food cold, isn't it? Why yes, that side of things is superb. Mind you, I don't

believe the draught itself does much freezing, because it's such a hot draught, but something certainly does freeze the food all right. Probably something you forgot to take out before you put the works in. My! how the frost collects on that ice-chamber! People say it reminds them of:

A Polar exploration ship
A Disney snowscape
Their own refrigerator if they never defrosted it.

But I defrost mine all right. I turn it off and forget about it until I hear thuds and smashes and go running into the kitchen, and of course it's just the ice-lumps falling into the tray! But about the vibration. You'd like it. The metal shelves clatter, the plates, I should say, jingle, and the ice-chamber just squeaks. Queer, that. You'd think anything joined to the engine would make a bit more noise; still, the engine makes up for it.

I hate to criticize, but couldn't you have taken the thermostat out when you put the works in? Know what a thermostat is? In case you're not classical (though I feel you are, with a real feeling for antiquity too) it causes the *thermos*, or hot, to *stat*, or stay put, so that the refrigerator is never hotter or colder than it is. I know mine could hardly be either, but I don't think the thermostat is responsible for that, just for the squeak. Still, that's my own theory, and it's no good explaining mechanical things to the unmechanical, is it? Either you're one way or the other, and quite right too. We're all here for a purpose, even if we don't always find the purpose out.

Well, that's about all. Please don't worry, and—I mean this—*don't think you have to come round and mend my refrigerator*. No, really. I can manage.

What was the next refrigerator like? That's the real test, they say.

Yours faithfully,
TEMP. OWNER REFRIGERATOR NO. . . .

Here ends Mr. Punch's Two

Hundred and Ninth Volume



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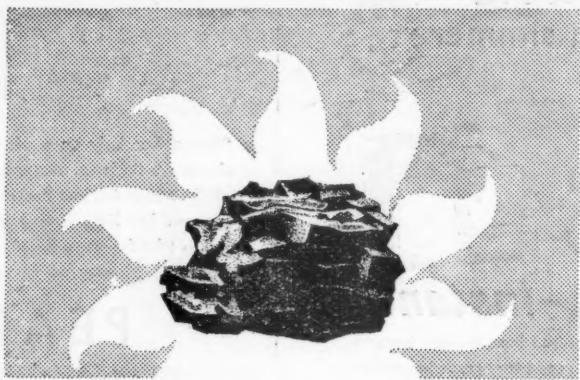
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VAPEX

A Drop on your Handkerchief

Like many other good things Vapex had to make way for more imperatively urgent needs. Throughout the war pharmaceutical work of national importance has taken and must take first place. Normal conditions will bring a return of Vapex.

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England

Now of War-time standard

NOVIO

will shortly return to its former pre-eminence as the most perfect Toilet Paper ever produced

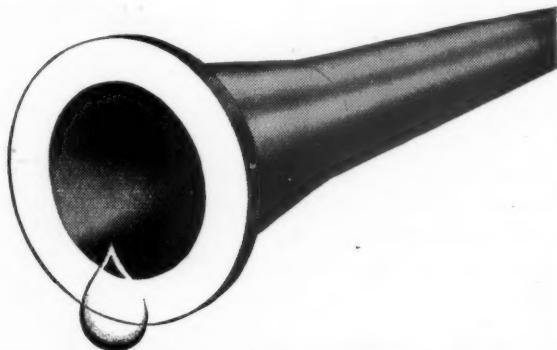


If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because so many continue to have special need of it

For six years Horlicks has gone to the fighting forces, the hospitals, and war factories. Many of these needs must still be met.

Meanwhile, nearly as much Horlicks is reaching the shops as in 1939 — but many more people are asking for it today. If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, remember that any extra supplies must still go to those who have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS



Even a tube may get upset

When an engineer talks about 'upsetting' something he doesn't mean that he's omitted to notice his wife's new hat. He probably means that he wishes to alter the shape of a steel tube. Steel tubes can be frightfully upset, and this is a good thing for the motor industry because it means that axles, torque tubes and propeller shafts no longer break down under the continual stress of being married to a high-powered lorry. There's a moral to this story. We know that every day, work schedules, customers, and managing directors (in that order) are being upset because of weaknesses which could be cured by steel tubes in one form or another. Tubes Limited possess the necessary guiding knowledge and experience but what they don't know is what's upsetting you in your business. They are always very ready to listen.



An advertisement for **TUBES LIMITED**

ROCKY LANE, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM, 6 by Tube Investments Limited



GOOD THINGS come by two and two —

*Roundabouts and swings,
Beer and skittles, stars and stripes,
Cabbages and kings.
Silver bells and cockle shells,
Audit ale and stoups,
Patch and powder, beaux and belles,*
SYMINGTON'S AND SOUPS.

W. SYMINGTON & CO. LTD., MARKET HARBOROUGH.



"Yes," says the Constable "he had an awful smash, trying to avoid an old lady who stepped off the kerb suddenly. Of course, she ought to have known better. But there are usually mistakes on both sides in an accident."

Your life and the lives of others may depend at any moment on efficient brakes. Have them checked over regularly. Surfaces are often bad, shelters may block the view. Traffic is nearly back to normal, and none of us — drivers, cyclists, pedestrians or children — have got accustomed to it.

There were over forty thousand deaths or serious injuries last year!

Help to stop these needless tragedies. Look to your brakes, tyres, gears and steering — and take no chances.

Keep Death off the Road



AN ESSENTIAL OF BALANCED DIET

Stored in this tiny capsule are two vitamins without which it is impossible to maintain health.

They are 'protective' vitamin A and 'sunshine' vitamin D and, unfortunately, they are not always readily obtainable. A daily dose of Crookes' Halibut Oil — one of the richest natural sources of these vitamins — will build up your resistance and stamina and prove of inestimable value to your general health this winter.

CROOKES' HALIBUT OIL

OBtainable ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

Capsules — 100 - 8/6

Liquid—enough for 16 days 2/-

Cro



LISTEN TO YOUR WISER SELF!

Got some crisp new notes in that wallet of yours? Don't let the Squander Bug and your wiser self have a tug-of-war over them! Remember, it's your wiser self who's your best pal. "Come on, old chap" he says. "Put that money where it's safe—and where it'll increase in value. Go on buying National Savings Certificates."

BECAUSE {
Every 15/- Certificate earns you 5/6 in 10 years' time.
This increase is not subject to Income Tax.
They're easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.
Savings up keeps prices down.

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

